THE KEY.

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An AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A Letter from a LADY to her Friend.

(Continued from page 204)

Dear Caroline,

"A Special meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to the excellent mrs. Denby; the morning of which the lovely Harriet had been indulging herſelf with the moſt pleaſing hopes that her lover would perhaps with her brother pay them a viſit, and attend them in an excurſion they were going to make into Berkſhire: for in Villar's laſt letter, in the fondneſs of his ſoul, he had told his bride elect ſhe muſt not be ſurpriſed if himſelf and his friend Denby ſhould call upon her the Monday evening following; for that he had an hundred things to talk on, previous to the happy day.

"This pleaſing intelligence, miſs Denby told her mother, adding with a ſmile of ſatisfaction, 'I am convinced they will come this very evening: I have a kind of preſentiment of this happy, unlooked for viſit.'

"What then were the agonies of the excellent mother, when the meſſenger arrived with the dreadful account!

"Happily miſs Denby was gone to ſpend a day with a lady in the next village, who unexpectedly preſſed and prevailed on her to ſtay all night: ſhe was therefore not at home when the horrid intelligence arrived.

"Mrs. Denby, in agonies not to be deſcribed, took to her bed. But," continued the good lady B. "What pain do I give to your ſenſibility, my dear Emily, by this ſad recital!

Do you think I did not weep, Caroline? Indeed I did. I begged her to proceed.

"I will, ſhe ſaid, if my tears will permit me to relate this melancholy tale.

"Mrs. Denby, in the midſt of her poignant anguiſh, thought the circumſtance of her daughter, being then abſent, was fortunate; as ſhe could gain time to conſider in what manner this dreadful event could be imparted to her. The miſerable mother, wiſhed, if poſſible, that Harriet might ſtay with her friend till the melancholy interment was over, provided it could be kept ſecret from her."

"She accordingly diſpatched a meſſenger to acquaint her, that ſhe would in a day or two, ſend the chariot to fetch her home, as the weather was too hot for walking. She likewiſe by letter acquainted the lady with the dreadful event, with an earneſt deſire that her daughter's ſtay there might be a few days longer, till the melancholy ſolemnity was

paſt, and that it might be kept from her a profound ſecret. But moſt unfortunately (as ſervants in great families are often too negligent in obeying the commands of their ſuperiors) the fellow loitered till the evening before he ſet out with the letter to the lady.

"In the mean time miſs Denby, who was extremely fond of walking, and as the diſtance from her mother's ſeat was only a ſhort mile, was already ſet out on her return home.

"Nothing could exeed the beauty of the evening, which was after a warm day, in the ſweet month of June.

"Harriet ſauntered through the meadows, which were covered with flowers, whilſt not a bud or bloſſom but attracted her admiration of that Being, who ſo laviſhly ſpreads the face of nature with ſuch a profuſion of delights for diſcontented mortals.

"Sometimes ſhe liſtened to the ſoft notes of the plaintive nightingale, or moaning ſtock dove; and often ſhe indulged ideas of tenderneſs in contemplating on her beloved Villars.

"Soon, ſaid ſhe to herſelf we ſhall together admire theſe aſtoniſhing works of the great Creator: together we ſhall walk the mountain's brow, or inhale the breathing perfume of yonder blooming beans. Whilſt leaning on his arm, he will, as we walk, explain & point out thoſe beauties of nature, with which my inexperienced years are yet unacquainted."

"Full of theſe pleaſing reflections, ſhe was now arrived at a ſmall wilderneſs which joined to the gardens at Denby Hall. This little wood was a moſt favourite ſpot of this amiable younglady; ſhe had walked there conſtantly with her beloved Villars: ſhe had with her own hands, planted a great variety of flowering ſhrubs, which were now in their higheſt bloom; and in this enchanting retreat, ſhe had a ſmall romantic building, made of roots of trees, and covered with moſs and ivy, which ſhe called the hermitage, over the door of which was wrote in Gothic characters,

"Within this moſs-grown roof, this humble cell,
"Sweet liberty, content, and virtue dwell."

"Hither miſs Denby often retired to amuſe herſelf with reading, and in this ſweet retreat ſhe kept a ſmall Theorbo-lute, from which ſhe drew the moſt exquiſite ſounds.

"As ſhe always herſelf kept the key of the gate of the wilderneſs (which has likewiſe a part of the garden) ſhe now, in her return home that evening, without going into the houſe at Denby hall, opened the little gate which led to the road, and went to her favourite ſpot, the hermitage. She took up her lute, and ſeating herſelf under a large oak, from whence ſhe had a full view of the road, ſhe began a favourite air of her beloved Villars.

"This is the evening (ſaid ſhe) in which he told me I might expect to ſee him and my brother. Haply, thoſe amiable and dear friends may ſoon arrive.—I will however, beguile the tedious moments till their wiſhed arrival.—Ah, did I not hear the diſtant ſound of their carriage wheels? the trampling of horſes?—Let me fly to the moſt amiable of men!"

"Saying this, she flung down her lute, and ran with the lightning's speed to the gate which fronted the road.

"Alas! it was indeed the two dear friends!—Two hearses now appeared, adorned with white feathers and a train of mournful servants following.

"Oh! Emily (continued lady B—. bursting into tears) I cannot proceed! guess the fatal rest: the dreadful consequences to the mind of the poor Harriet Denby you are too well acquainted with."

Caroline, do not wonder at this large blot, it is an unforced tear, dropt as a tribute due to so unhappy a catastrophe.

To this mournful tale, I can only add, that I am

Ever yours,

EMILIA.

THOUGHTS ON CANDOUR.

LOOKING over Dodsley's collection of Poems, I met with the following little ode, which, though there is nothing more than a prettiness in the versification, contains such an uncommon degree of benignity in the sentiment as must fill every reader with the highest admiration, for the excellence of the writer's heart.

ODE to CANDOUR.

The dearest friend that ever I found,
My bitterest foe I see;
The fondest maid I ever lov'd,
Is false to love and me.

Yet shall I urge the rising vow,
That tempts my wav'ring mind:
Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
And bid me shun mankind?

Avaunt thou hell-born fiend—no more
Presume my steps to guide;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I resign;
But let no sage pretend to name
His happiness with mine.

Nothing is more customary with most people than to exclaim at once against the whole world, when they, from an injudicious choice in friendship or in love, meet with a mortifying disappointment. Such people are very apt to declare, that no consideration whatever, shall induce them to honour any body with their good opinion a second time. In consequence of this strange resolution, they really act as if every body was totally unworthy of a place in their esteem and make the behaviour of a single individual, an invariable standard for the integrity of the universe: they are therefore continually tortured with the severest pangs of anxiety and suspicion, wear away their existence openly at war with society, and die as much unlamented, as they have lived unbeloved.

ON FREE GOVERNMENT.

"If there be any land as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the ruler and the ruled;
A happy land, where circulating power
Flows through each member to the embodied state;
Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue,
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rules
Unbroken, as the sacred day of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

The CARDS Spiritualized.

ONE Richard Middleton, a ſoldier, attending divine ſervice with the reſt of the regiment in a church in Glaſgow, inſtead of pulling out a Bible like his brother ſoldiers, to find the Parſon's text, ſpread a pack of cards before him. This ſingular behaviour did not long paſs unnoticed both by the Clergyman and the Sergeant of the company to which he belonged, the latter in particular commanded him to put up the cards, and on his refuſal conducted him after church before the Mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behaviour during divine ſervice.—"Well ſoldier," ſaid the Mayor, "what excuſe have you to offer for this ſtrange and ſcandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology or aſſign any reaſon for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, aſſure yourſelf that I will cauſe you to be ſeverely puniſhed for it."——"Since your honour is ſo good," replies Richard, "as to permit me to ſpeak for myſelf; an't pleaſe your worſhip, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of ſixpence a day, which your honour will ſurely allow is hardly ſufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, waſhing, and other neceſſaries; and conſequently that he may want, without a bible, prayer-book, or any other good book." On ſaying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and preſenting one of the aces to the Mayor, continued his addreſs as follows.—When I ſee an ace, may it pleaſe your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God, and when I look upon a two or three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and the Son; the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt. A four brings to my remembrance, the four Evangeliſts, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A five, the five wiſe virgins who were ordered to trim the lamps. There were ten indeed, but your worſhip may remember 5 were wiſe, and five were fooliſh. A ſix, that in ſix days God created heaven and earth. A ſeven, that on the ſeventh day he reſted from all that he had made. An eight, of the eight righteous perſons who were ſaved from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three ſons and their wives. A nine, of the nine lepers cured by our Saviour, there were ten, but only one returned to offer his tribute of thanks. And a ten, of the ten commandments.

Richard then took the knave, placed it before him, and paſſed on to the queen, on which he obſerved as follows: This queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermoſt parts of the earth to hear of the wiſdom of Solomon; as her companion the king does of the great King of heaven, and of king George the Third.

"Well friend, ſaid the Mayor, you have given a very good deſcription of all the cards except the knave."

"If your honour be not angry with me (replied Richard) I can give you the ſame ſatisfaction on that as any in the pack."

"No," ſaid the Mayor.

"Well, (replies Richard) the greateſt knave I know is the ſergeant who bro't me before you."

"I dont know (replies the Mayor) whether he be the greateſt knave or no; but I am ſure he is the greateſt fool."

The ſoldier then continued as follows:

When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365, ſo many days are there in a year. When I count how many cards are in a pack, I find 52, ſo many weeks are in a year. When I reekon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are 13, ſo many months are in a year; ſo that this pack of cards is both bible, almanack, and prayer-book to me."

The Mayor called his ſervants, ordered them to entertain the ſoldier well, gave him a piece of money, and ſaid he was the cleverеſt fellow he ever heard in his life.

FREDERICK TOWN, July 14

☞ From ſome exiſting and highly intereſting circumſtances, the ſubſcriber is induced to diſcontinue the publication of the Key for the preſent.——In the courſe of two months he will reſume it in the form of a monthly Magazine, if 500 ſubſcribers can be procured.

To the Patrons of the Key, he offers his ſincere and heart-felt thanks; and wiſhes them Virtue, Health and Happineſs.

When the ſubſcribers to the Key, who have not yet paid up, conſider the heavy expence attending ſuch a work, they will not, I preſume, be dilatory in throwing in their *mite*, ſo that the Editor may be enabled, at leaſt, to cover the coſts of the publication.

JOHN D. CARY.

The Editor of the Key is really ſorry he cannot oblige "a great number of his ſubſcribers," by inſerting the 'Addreſs of 473 Inhabitants of Waſhington county, ſtate of Maryland, to the Preſident of the United States, and his anſwer.' Had the requeſt came to hand ſooner, it would, moſt aſſuredly have been complied with.

Relentleſs death our Marian's form conſumes,
Forth from her aſhes ſprings a ſoul ſublime,
A ſpotleſs Phœnix, of immortal birth,
And ſoars ſupreme above the ſtorms of time.

ON Saturday laſt, Miſs *Marian Hauſer*, youngeſt daughter of captain Michael Hauſer, of this town, departed this life, after a ſevere conflict. On Sunday her remains were depoſited in the Lutheran Church Yard, where a ſolemn and pathetic addreſs, ſuitable to the mournful occaſion, was delivered by the Reverend Mr. Willbahn, to a reſpectable number of citizens who attended the funeral.

BARTGIS'S FEDERAL GAZETTE,
Is publiſhed punctually every Wednesday; thoſe who would wiſh to become ſucſcribers thereto, may receive it at the moderate price of *Two Dollars* per Annum, one half at the time of ſubſcribing, or the whole at the expiration of ſix months.

ADVERTISEMENTS
For the *Engliſh* and *German Newspapers* will be thankfully received with the Caſh, and duly inſerted in either or both, as may be required.

POETRY.

THE FIGURE OF LIBERTY.

HER Zone unbound, her treſſes unconfin'd,
Spoke undeſigning negligence of mind,
True Rapture's negligence; as on ſhe came,
Her cheek was glory, and her eye was flame:
Her floating robes light am'rous gales receive,
Her modeſt breaſt ten thouſand virtues heave:
Shield ſhe had none, but honour; and her ſword
Was Truth—and angels as ſhe ſmil'd ador'd

EARTHLY PEACE.

ONE boon from heaven, ah! may I humbly crave!
PEACE! o'er my head the gentle banners wave!
I ſpoke——Peace pointed to the ſilent GRAVE.

BOOKS, Pamphlets, Blanks, Handbills, Cards, and all other kinds of PRINTING, done at this Office.

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